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## NOTES ON MEDIAEVAL LYRICS

### PAUL VON WINTERFELD'S CONJECTURAL EMENDATIONS TO THE TEXT OF *HILARII VERSUS ET LUDI*

Prior to the acquisition by the University of Chicago of the *Handapparat* of the lamented Paul von Winterfeld, I was unable in more than a dozen passages to make sense of Hilary's verses (ed. Champollion Figeac, Paris, 1838). As several of these places have been mended for me by marginal notations in Winterfeld's handwriting, I feel that it is only fair both to my co-workers and to the memory of Winterfeld to publish these notes. They follow without comment of my own:

- Page 3, line 13, *for quadem read quadam.*  
9, 3, *for infirmus read infirmum?*  
9, 12, *for suam read Sodom.*  
10, 20, *for dictavit read ditavit.*  
10, 21, *for prodens read prudens, and omit preceding comma.*  
10, 22, *for prudens read pudens.*  
17, 12, *for tendem read tandem.*  
21, 8, *for Et read 'E.'*  
22, 19, *for (tibi) read (factus).*  
32, 16, *for ferens read fetens.*  
34, place periods at end of verses 8 and 12.  
37, 10 *for portasti read portastis*—"der schreiber trennte portasti sposita und liess in sp das s aus, wie immer."  
40, 5, *for supido read Cupido.*  
41, 4, *for una read verna*—"cf. ix, 6, 2 vernacula."  
57, *for Novis deus quod lacum*  
    *Nescio, neque locum*  
    *De quo fit mencio—*  
*read*    *Novit deus, quod lacum nescio*  
    *Neque locum, de quo fit mencio.*  
57, 22, *for leonem read leonum.*  
60, 8 *for juxit read edixit.*

For sources or analogues, Winterfeld cites p. 20, l. 13, *Versus de hermafrodito*, 21, 5 *Horat. carm. I*, 4; 23, 17 *imag. in Carm. Bur.*

## AN ELEVENTH-CENTURY LOVE SONG

For two years I have speculated about the song which I print and translate below; nor am I yet content with what I know about it. But I dislike to wait longer to present it, for it seems to me most important in what it implies: that earlier than we ordinarily imagine European poetry had the note of abandon, of reckless self-surrender, the erotic, personal note which we usually associate with the goliard Latin songs and the Provençal songs of the last part of the twelfth century.

There is nothing like our song in that beautiful treasury of ninth- and tenth-century lyrics and ballads, the so-called Cambridge MS, nor yet in other tenth- and eleventh-century MSS of poetry. These other codices, I not only grant but I insist, had poems more effective, more beautiful. But none of them to my knowledge contains a song so sensual and concrete as this.

Its poor author apparently could not make proper rhythms; he had not the art of rhyme; his imagery is largely that furnished him a thousand fold by saint's life, hymn, and sacred invocation. So far, then, as the whole manner of his verses is concerned—and much of his commonplace matter—they can be multiplied again and again from ecclesiastical and didactic literature of his and an earlier day. It is, however, not the poet's art that holds us.

But the *sichgehenlassen*—the frank confession—the lack of thought for the consequences; where else so early do we find them in an erotic piece which speaks in a warm breath of the mistress Flora, of flowers, and of spring? I do not argue; I ask. And none more glad than I, if other eleventh-century lyrics be brought to light which have the note of this one.

Eleventh-century? Why? The song is found in two MSS, one of the twelfth, the other of the thirteenth century. But its surroundings, in which are many eleventh-century pieces; its verbiage, which is still largely that of poems written by known eleventh-century authors; the very poverty and leanness of its whole manner and guise; its hesitant and unimaginative art—these seem to speak, in almost every line, of poetry written before the light and graceful schemes of rhyming which the twelfth and thirteenth centuries knew.

Let my reader study these things on his own initiative. Let him

turn from this song to the love lays of later MSS—Queen Christine, St. Omer, Benedictbeuern; and he will agree with me. And for philological aid in the matter I refer him to two articles by Wattenbach<sup>1</sup> and a recent, most adequate dissertation.<sup>2</sup>

Ambrosian flowers, the crocus fresh, the violet,  
 Spring's lilies mingled with the tender rose,  
 To me of no such beauty now appear,  
 Nor yet with such a pleasing fragrance fraught  
 As thou, my Flora, when thou spend'st thy sweets.  
 These flowers, 'tis true, allure our outward sense,  
 But thou mak'st glad the senses and the heart.  
 Thou more than breathest forth their redolence,  
 Yea, thou art essence of sweet Love itself.  
 Ah, happy he, close-clasped in thy embrace,  
 Who, sighing deep with bliss, drinks in the breath  
 From thy half-opened lips which lure him on.  
 When with the virgin's breast his breast is one,  
 When he sips honey from her yellow combs,  
 Then can no tardy prick of conscience come,  
 Sickness and pain may torture him no more.  
 And though dire winter with its killing frost  
 Doth halt the rivers in their long career,  
 Yet then comes spring with every ravishment.  
 What more can heart desire? Ne'er mayest thou  
 Discover aught more worthy of thy search,  
 To such a treasure need no new be joined.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Sitzungsber. d. Berl. Akad.*, 1891, 97–114; *Neues Archiv*, 1892, 351–84.

<sup>2</sup> Gertrud Stockmayer, *Ueber Naturgefühl in Deutschland im 10. und 11. Jahrhundert*, Leipzig, 1910.

<sup>3</sup> Ambrosie flores violeque crocique recentes,  
 Vernaque cum teneris lilia mixta rosis,  
 Non tantum forma nec odere placere videntur,  
 Quantum, Flora, michi suavia dando places.  
 Nempe iuvant flores hos sensus exteriores,  
 Tu vero sensus cordaque nostra foves.  
 Nec tu, Flora, levem spiras michi floris odorem,  
 Ipsius at flores dulcis amoris oles.  
 Felix qui talem, qui te complexus odorem  
 Sugit ab ore gemens semipatente tuo.  
 Quid? cum virgineo cum pectore pectora iungit,  
 Et libat flavis condita mellia favis,  
 Non illum dure mordentes pectora cure,  
 Non labor aut morbus sollicitare queunt.  
 Quamvis bruma gelu labentia flumina sistat,  
 Affluit hic vernis undique deliciis.  
 Ultra quid cupiat? nil iam reperire valebit,  
 Hiis fortuna bonis addere nulla potest.

The theme of our song is a rare one to come down to us from Europe before Provençal love poetry. But it had many sister-songs, none the less, though our ears shall perhaps never hear them.

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